

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.Publication Office:  
704 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1878, at  
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of  
Congress of March 3, 1879.SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.  
Telephone: Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange).Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.  
Daily and Sunday.....\$3.00 per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$6.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$2.00 per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.00 per yearNo attention will be paid to anonymous  
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All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Bureau Building,  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1909.

## Cheap Gas in Massachusetts.

Not long ago the Springfield (Mass.) Gaslight Company voluntarily reduced the price of gas to the ordinary consumer from \$5 to 90 cents a thousand cubic feet. This rate applies to a monthly consumption less than 50,000 cubic feet. For consumption in excess of that amount the new rate is 65 cents instead of the former rate of 75 cents. The reduction has called attention to the low prices charged for gas by a number of Massachusetts cities.

"While the New York gas monopoly," says the Springfield Republican, "has been fighting at great expense a law reducing its prices to 80 cents, the Boston Consolidated Company is voluntarily offering gas at that rate under the sliding scale law, with the result of stimulating an enormous consumption. It appears, furthermore, that from 80 to 90 cents is becoming a quite common price for gas among the larger Massachusetts cities, even those not having the advantage of tidewater locations."

Our contemporary remarks the close correspondence between large consumption and reduced rates, and prints these interesting statistics from the annual report of the State gas commissioners, covering the year ending June 30, 1908:

	Population	Price	Gas sold	Per cent.
Boston	6,486,325.00	\$24.83	10,125,300	92.38
Lowell	85,941.25	128.15	388,144.138	135.92
Worcester	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32
Cambridge	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32
Springfield	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32
Lowell	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32
New Bedford	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32
Quincy	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32
Springfield	30,228,358	70.47	48,958,969	165.32

Since the issuance of the report from which the above figures were taken the Worcester and Lynn companies have reduced the price to 80 cents, Fall River to 85 cents, and Springfield to 90 cents. The Republican attributes these reductions to the experience of the Boston company, which has found that greatly increased consumption and consequent increased profits go with a reduction in price. In other words it is profitable to reduce the price and enjoy the larger business which reduction brings. Moreover, the gas monopoly thereby serves a larger proportion of the community, and so fulfills better its function of public service. And, lastly, by voluntary reductions the monopoly earns the good will of the people, an asset possessing a substantial financial value that is not always appreciated by the short-sighted managers of public utilities.

When gas can be profitably made and distributed in interior cities far removed from the coal and oil fields at 80, 85, and 90 cents, argument that gas can be profitably sold in Washington at similar prices is superfluous. We are within easy distance of coal and oil, and transportation is cheap. Where is the public spirit of our gas company managers that they do not voluntarily follow the example of these Massachusetts companies, and why do our District committees in Congress hem and haw and want more time for investigation and consideration whenever the subject of cheaper gas is mentioned?

Surely the Washington baseball team will not fail to remember that it is to be backed by the administration this year.

## Aerial Vehicles in War.

The practical tests in military aeronautics, of which there has been some, and will be of service in dispelling any exalted and foolish notions of the destructive function of the aerial vehicle. It would be well, in the interests of the science of war, if there could be conducted at Fort Myer, for instance, during the coming summer, a series of experiments which would show to the public just how the military balloon will be used in time of war. The people who are entertaining the sensational theory that high explosives can be carried aloft and dropped upon a helpless city, a crouching army, or a huddling fleet stand in great need of having the real situation exposed to their view. Military aeronautics are a valuable asset for an army in the field, but there is a limitation to the service which may be rendered by the dirigible or the aeroplane. It must continue for some years to be a more or less unstable, uncertain, and vulnerable platform from which to make observations of the position of an enemy. But when it is considered that long distance photographs can be taken from a balloon only by the exercise of much skill, it ought to be appreciated at once that it is out of the question to make the balloon an aerial floating fortress.

The people who have been possessed of visions of annihilated cities and exterminated armies and obliterated fleets are going to receive the shock of their lives when it comes to demonstrating, as some of them think will be attempted, the ability to deliver destructive explosives from any such elevated platform as the framework of an aeroplane or the basket or the platform of a dirigible. It

will be exceedingly interesting to the occupants of such a vehicle when it is relieved of the heavy weight of the explosive.

It may be well with the approach of the summer's aeronautical work at Fort Myer, for the enthusiastic aviators to keep within the bounds of reason in their expectations.

The country awaits somewhat impatiently the line-up of Senatorial supporters of the stocking tax.

## Coming of the D. A. R.

Very soon, now, we shall have another Congress on our hands—a more interesting body than that now sitting intermittently at the Capitol, and prosaically discussing, in all their infinite and mystifying details, problems of the tariff which the average mind is unable to grasp.

The other Congress—Daughters of the American Revolution—will be decidedly more interesting, more picturesque, and more attractive. Already the coming event is casting its shadow, or rather its light, before. An animated session is in prospect. The Daughters, like the sons on the Hill, have their politics and their problems, their policies and their points of view, their conservatives and their ultra-conservatives, their administration and their anti-administration factions, and their in-no, we shall not say insurgents, for that, though unobjectionable on the Hill, is an opprobrious term if applied to any element of the D. A. R., and hence must be tabooed.

Who ever heard of a Congress that did not have its differences? It would not be a Congress without them. A campaign of some sort inevitably precedes every well-regulated Congress. It is essential to clear the atmosphere—to shape the issues and to bring out the best that is in the delegate body. A full-fledged campaign is now in full swing with the D. A. R. We could not overlook it if we would, and would not if we could. It interests us intensely—even if, as with the average mind and tariff schedules, a proper grasp be lacking and we find ourselves mystified a bit. We know that issues are at stake that must be settled, and settled right, and we are sure they will be settled, and settled right. They always are.

Meanwhile, we are full of happiness over the coming of the Daughters. God bless them; they give zest to life at this Capital! Their Congress is worth while. We wish it would hold an extra session now and then. Why should not its beautiful Continental Hall—ah honor to its builders!—be put to more frequent use? Really, Washington is in love with the Daughters—with all of them, regardless of issues. It welcomes them fondly, greets them with sincerest cordiality, and wishes them the pleasantest sort of stay. As for the press—well, it shares the city's sentiments rapturously, and we are ready to vouch for it now, that it will play no favorites, but give fair treatment to all alike, to the end that peace and universal good feeling ultimately prevail. At any rate, the press will do its level best. Angels from heaven could do no more.

As a spring tonic, we cling to sassafras tea, highbrows to the contrary notwithstanding. It stimulates, if only the imagination.

## Public Opinion.

It is not altogether surprising to learn that retailers of preserved foods of various kinds are finding it worth while to weed out from their stocks all preparations containing benzoate of soda. As a consequence of this announced condition, coming through various mercantile associations and advisory bodies, it must follow that the manufacturers who persist in its use are to find a constantly diminishing demand for their goods—that, of course, involving ultimate retirement from business, or reformation of methods. The adjustment of this question is being brought about, too, through sheer force of public opinion. To Dr. Wiley and his lieutenants, not forgetting the manufacturers who never have used benzoate of soda in their wares, too much thanks cannot be accorded. In the face of stupendous disadvantage and against powerful and mighty financial and business influences they have fought, in season and out; but they never would have scented victory in their nostrils had it not been for an unselfish and patriotic alliance with a public press that dared co-operate with them.

The frank and independent newspapers have not quibbled with the benzoate brigade. Medical opinion, from acknowledged authorities, has been invited and given wide publicity. Technical quibbling and byplay have been brushed aside as so much trash. Here was a question of health, life, and happiness—the people must know the truth, then they would be prepared to act for themselves. The conclusions of one authority—Dr. Keene, of Philadelphia—delivered quietly, unostentatiously, and with the good of humanity alone at heart, has been printed from ocean to ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. And that is one of the reasons why the people know about benzoate of soda, and that is why they are not going to purchase stuff that contains it.

It is more than evident that the days of benzoate of soda are numbered in this land. It has become a badge of dishonor that manufacturers dare not use longer. It is good to know that many never did use it—and never were inclined to. We honor them. It is comforting to know that public opinion is forcing the unworthy users out into the sunlight they dread, but can no longer avoid.

## President Gomez's Warning.

In his message to the Cuban Congress President Gomez touches upon the danger spot in the political future of the island. He says:

"The political problem of our country, as in the case of some other of similar origin and education, contains one evil element, which is the visible order manifests itself in a tendency to create and maintain a third party, even other factions arising from the view of social differentiation, which, unfortunately, seems characteristic of the Southern States. The same condition is manifested in the tendency toward rebellion against everything that is not the badge of discipline, order, method, and subordination to the will and welfare of social collectivity. In this we have one fact which, small as it may be, is not encouraging."

It is the evil spirit of faction, against which Washington warned us when our own experiment was yet fresh, that threatens the Cuban republic. Closely

connected with that spirit is the innate insubordination of our volatile Southern neighbors, manifested in their unwillingness to submit for any long period to an established authority and their restlessness under the verdict of the majority. President Gomez admits that the condition is not encouraging, but it may be hoped that his warning to his countrymen will not go unheeded, and that they will sustain at all times a stable and efficient government.

Lovey woman forgot her tariff woes yesterday and concerned herself entirely with the more pertinent question: "Is my hat on straight?"

"Uncle Sam" recognizes the senior Senator from Rhode Island, who will now submit a few remarks on the situation.

"Man must sleep in a hammock," says a London physician. So far as we are concerned, it is impossible. The germs, or whatever it is, will just have to get us.

"A joker in the oil schedule?" Oh, no, no, no! It cannot, cannot be!

In that recent prohibition election, it appears that a goodly number of Michigan voters took to water, all right.

"Flattery is an insult," says Bishop Spalding, of the Episcopal Church. Perhaps the bishop is right, though his remark is calculated to make the average man solicitous of his friends alone in respect of flattery.

Look where he will, the only sign the former President of Venezuela can see is: "Keep off the grass."

The Austins are many, but the Swinburns are few.

"The policy of segregation on elevated trains may yet lead to the setting apart of cars for gum chewers," says the Chicago Post. Well; any objection to that?

To the Nashville American's "They are biting," the Charleston News and Courier inquires: "Fish or fleas?" Or red bugs?

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,"—Castro.

"The sun is kissing the girls with more warmth than ever," observes the Columbia State. How very human the sun is. Their big hats make it a little harder than ever before for the sun to kiss them at all, so his ardency increases proportionately.

"What's the matter with literature?" inquires the Indianapolis Star. Well, now, if an Indiana contemporary finds it necessary to seek light on that topic, who are we to explain?

"Who knows woman?" asks the Louisville Courier-Journal. Please do not interrupt in that fashion. We have not yet finished with that "What is love?" proposition.

We have no doubt an inspection of Oklahoma's fundamental law will show Crazy Snake to be clearly unconstitutional.

The colonel took the kodak from Kermit and snapped the King of Italy before the youngster realized what was going on. Kermit probably will realize eventually, however, that he is a mighty small section of the procession.

A Brooklyn doctor says people do not need salt in their food. Neither do they need some kinds of doctors in their business.

Incidentally, a tariff on stockings will probably uncover a multitude of sins.

"Man could get along very well without a stomach," says a scientist. A little more tariff tinkering, and he will doubtless have it to do.

"Little Joe" Brown is to be inaugurated governor of Georgia dressed in a "home-made" suit of clothes. You see, that is why he is "Little Joe" down there.

An Iowa court has decided that it is not illegal to abuse a baggage "smasher." Glad to know it is not illegal; we never have thought it wrong.

Although he died a year or so ago, the late Emperor of China has just had another funeral—his sixth. We should think it would pay the Chinese Emperors to die and be buried in Baltimore, where every day is bargain day, so far as funerals are concerned.

"An elephant goes on a rampage in Iowa," notes the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He will be perfectly tame on election day, we imagine.

"Don't be a quitter. Stay in the game. Hope on," says Jerome P. Fishman, in the Business Philosopher. Sure; and play the game while you are hoping.

Esmeralda, Nev., gets the Bryan trick move. The Nebraska, however, will keep the lemon.

## In Mourning for Him.

From the New York Evening Post.  
To have been falsely reported dead is not uncommon; but to have walked the streets with your children in mourning for your death, must be a rare experience. Henri Rochefort had it, so he has lately written. Made ill by the privations which he underwent at the siege of Paris in 1871, he was forced to withdraw from the Bordeaux Assembly, and while he was at Arcachon, read an official notice of his decease, with the announcement that the government would not be able to have his body taken to Paris. Unhappily, the news was also sent to his children in Jersey. The friend with whom they were staying, bought them mourning garments. But the father immediately telegraphed: "I am not dead. Send the children to me at Arcachon." They came, and Rochefort, by that time convalescent, walked home with them. To those who asked, seeing their dark clothes, for whom they were in mourning, he replied: "Why, they are in mourning for me!"

## White Slave Traffic.

From the Boston Transcript.  
The decision of the Supreme Court that the provisions of the immigration laws designed to suppress the "white slave traffic" are unconstitutional, and therefore null and void is another argument for the Federal government's being clothed with greater powers for the protection of aliens within the United States. If the rescue of "alien women" is left to the "police powers" of the State it may be accomplished in some, but not in others, according to the zeal, humanity, and energy of the local authorities. The "traffic" is a shameful fact. Congress passed what is deemed appropriate legislation for the day and age, and now says that in so doing Congress transcended its powers.

## They Deserve Wings.

From the Philadelphia Press.  
Society women in Washington are arranging to take a day off and clean the dirty streets and front yards of the National Capital. These good ladies, by proving themselves angels of cleanliness, will become entitled to "white wings."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

VERBAL ITEMS.  
I love the gentle rain.  
The bees a-wing.  
The things which appertain  
Unto the spring.  
I love the babbling rill,  
The violet.  
The sprightly daffodil,  
Et cetera, et cetera.

I love the bluebird's song,  
The vines that cling.  
And all that doth belong  
Unto the spring.  
I love the smell of buds  
Now often met,  
The whitewash and the buds,  
Et cetera, et cetera.

## He Wonders.

"I wonder."  
"What do you wonder?"  
"I wonder if the recording angel also keeps a record of the lies we intended to tell if certain conditions arose."

## Not Impressed.

"Now would you like to toll long hours each day for meager wage?"  
"I think it would be great fun," answered Miss Giddy-Giddy. "But I fear that my chapman would become somewhat bored."

## Got the Craze.

"Why do you always appear in public carrying a tire?"  
"Well, I can't afford an automobile just yet."

## Not on the Counter.

Is alcohol a food?  
"I have a hunch  
That it is not.  
I never got  
It as free lunch."

## Very Annoying.

"It sure makes me mad."  
"What makes you mad?"  
"To find that a man I've been feeling sorry for is a heap better fixed than I am."

## More Trouble.

"Husband, do you remember how you used to promise to lavish money on me?"  
"Ugh!"  
"Could you lavish as much as 40 cents to-day? I want to get my shoes half-soled."

## Couldn't Say No.

"What's the matter? Did the barber try to scalp you?"  
"It wasn't the barber's fault. I treated him to a haircut and he insisted that I have another with him. I couldn't refuse."

## VIRGINIA NEGRO SCHOOLS.

Suffering from the Want of Competent Teachers.

From the Southern Workman.  
One of the State examiners estimates that at least one-half of the colored teachers of Virginia are unlicensed, untrained, and uneducated. This condition has made a very unfavorable impression upon the board of examiners. Some are advocating separate examinations and lower grade certificates to lessen the clerical work of the examiners and at the same time secure more licensed colored teachers. No serious distinction has yet been made between the white and colored teachers as to certificates; but we predict that unless there are signs of improvement such a course will be taken in the near future.

What obtains in Virginia also holds throughout the South, in many cases to an even more deplorable extent. The education of the colored people in the South has not kept pace with that of the white people. The lines of divergence are widening more and more. An absolutely double system distinct in every way is likely to be adopted, unless steps are taken to properly prepare colored teachers. The day has come when the colored people themselves must begin to shoulder their burdens and plan for their own educational betterment in the public schools; but they can do little unless public sentiment in the States awakens to the fact that even the five grades now taught in the majority of the colored schools cannot be maintained unless teachers can be prepared to teach them. The supply of teachers for rural schools in other parts of the country comes largely from the high schools. Better equipped primary schools and more high schools with normal training classes for colored pupils would go far toward removing the present difficulty.

## Col. Waterson's Way.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.  
As well as to bark the Atlantic Ocean with a dipper as to revise the tariff and leave a single schedule to mark the trail of its surpassing imposition and tell the tale of its fathomless irony. The words of Hamlet must be literally applied, "reform it altogether," not a classification left to tempt and mislead, not robbing detail to mystify and make outcry, one of the friends when the man was out of his head.  
"Can't you guess?" replied the hostess. "I want to give it to the butler, who, in the rush of admitting people, often fails to recognize the undesirable, so I want him to have that man's picture that he may closely note it and refuse admittance to the most objectionable person that ever darkened my doors."

## Educating the Opposition.

From the Springfield Republican.  
If any one doesn't like the tariff bill, or certain features of it, the thing to do is to blame the Democrats. Those miserable creeps of revenue and help Republicans out of holes. After fifteen more years of steady defeat, they will make an ideal opposition party.

## A MATCH.

If I were like the rose is.  
And I were like the lily,  
Our lives would grow together  
In ad or singing wedding.  
Blossoms filled with flowers close.  
Green pleasure or gray grief;  
And love was what the lily said.  
And I were like the lily.  
If I were what the words are.  
And I were like the lily.  
If I were like the words are.  
And I were like the lily.  
If I were like the words are.  
And I were like the lily.

## Indians Hybrid Citizens.

From the Baltimore Star.  
The relationship which will exist between the American aborigines and the white races, by whom they are now surrounded, is an anomalous one. The Indians are yet treated by the United States government as domestic dependent nations; they are the wards of the nation. Eventually, perhaps, they will be assimilated and absorbed into American citizenship. The way has at least been opened for the accomplishment of that result. Under an act passed by Congress in 1887 it was provided that Indians residing on lands allotted them in severalty should be regarded as citizens of the United States, without formality of naturalization. The immediate effect was to confer citizenship upon something over 13,000, and the number of citizen Indians has increased steadily.

## Plenty of Breakfast Food.

From the Providence Journal.  
Why should anybody complain of attacks on the breakfast table when evergreens, sawwoods, and tobacco stems are safely on the free list? Obviously, all that is required to emancipate the breakfast table is to utilize such products for a new variety of ready-to-serve food.

## Waiting for the Verdict.

From the Boston Post.  
The sooner the tariff bill gets into the hands of the Senate the earlier will the people come to understand what the resulting legislation is to be. And the condition of debate in the Senate admits of talk which is practically interminable.

## WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

The death of Marion Crawford brings to mind his uncle, Sam Ward, who in the early days of his literary career was his mentor and inspirer. It was Sam Ward, indeed, who was directly responsible for the writing of "Mr. Isaac," one of the most successful books that ever appeared, and deservedly so.

Crawford, in fact, never did anything better. Sam Ward thirty years ago was one of the most noted men about town, "a good fellow well met," with a fund of irresistible stories and a taste for dining and dinner-giving unequalled by any of the bon-vivants that have at various times invaded the Capital. Mr. Ward, a brother, by the way, of Julia Ward Howe, was clever at handling a saucerpan bowl, and he created all sorts of dishes and drinks, some of which are known by his name to this day. The people took "Sam Wards" after dinner and they had duck roasted a la Sam Ward, fish with "Sam Ward" sauce. It would seem, to judge from the frequency with which his name appeared on the menus, that he had tried his hand at every concoction under the sun, and all things served under his name were worthy of the epicure who originated them. His stories, all of which are not fit for publication, were as pungent as his dishes, and they are still repeated wherever two or three of his old cronies—for some of them are still alive—are gathered together. Mr. Ward shone in Washington in the day of the famous restaurant, Welcker, whose place in Fifteenth street was almost like a private club for the members, Senators, and lobbyists of that day. Welcker, at his death, was succeeded by Chamberlain who is still remembered and in whose back salons many a scheme was hatched, many a Congressman persuaded to change his vote, and many, many thousands of dollars lost at seductive games of poker.

The Wards came of a distinguished New England family, some members of which played leading parts in colonial days and in the early history of the republic. The first Sam Ward who died in the year the Declaration of Independence was signed, was colonial governor of Rhode Island, one of the founders of Brown University, which was at first known as Rhode Island College, and a delegate to the Continental Congress. His son, also Samuel Ward, who was the father of Julia Ward Howe and Sam Ward the third, was a captain in the Revolutionary army, and was with Arnold in the campaign upon Quebec when he was taken a prisoner. After the war he engaged in mercantile business in New York, and it was in that city that his famous children were born.

The people of Sorrento will miss Marion Crawford, who was a gentle spirit among them and an influence that was felt, although he practically lived the life of a recluse in his villa at one end of the town. Even when Mrs. Crawford and his daughters went to Rome for the gay season Mr. Crawford remained at the place he loved so well, where he never tired of the magnificent view spread out before him or the music of the sea. No foreigner was ever more imbued with the Italian spirit of life, and the great charm of his books is the atmosphere of the place he loved that pervaded them. But it is not strange that Mr. Crawford should have been himself more of an Italian than an American, for he was born in Italy, where his father had received his training as a sculptor and where he won his fame as such, for it was when working in Thorwaldsen's studio that he modeled his "Orpheus," which first brought him fame in this country. It was Charles Sumner who was young Crawford's deus ex machina. He was struck with its merits and so interested in the artist who designed it that on his return to America he started a subscription in Boston for the purpose of buying a replica, and this replica to the property of the Boston Athenaeum. Thomas Crawford's success dates from the making of this replica, and after it was exhibited in Boston, came in thick and fast, both for portraits and ideal studies. Some of the most important of his works are the statue of Washington erected by the State of Virginia, the bronze statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall, and the Statue of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol.

Mr. Crawford's mother, who was Louise Ward, was as talented in a different way as his father, thoroughly sympathetic with her husband's work, and a constant inspiration to her son, and like them, she came to love Italy quite as much as her own country. Mr. Crawford married Elizabeth Berdan, a daughter of Gen. Hiram Berdan.

The hostesses in Washington who receive weekly are occasionally annoyed by visitors who prey upon the refreshment table, and make themselves generally obnoxious to the other callers. One of the most generous entertainers in town was the victim last season of one of these callers. Never a reception day came that he did not appear with the first caller and remain until the last one left. As he was leaving one afternoon his hostess said:

"Mr. — I wish you would give me your picture."

The man was immensely flattered. "Certainly, ma'am, with great pleasure," he said, and he left his vanity at the door, the conquest he had made.

"My dear, when in the world do you want that bore's picture?" asked one of the friends when the man was out of the house.

"Can't you guess?" replied the hostess. "I want to give it to the butler, who, in the rush of admitting people, often fails to recognize the undesirable, so I want him to have that man's picture that he may closely note it and refuse admittance to the most objectionable person that ever darkened my doors."

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## INTERMENT OF BOOTH'S BODY.

Officer Present Tells Facts as to the Assassination's Burial.

George Loring Porter, in the New York Times.  
In the New York Times of March 25 was a statement from Capt. Silas Owens regarding incidents that happened at Ford's Theater at the time of the assault upon President Lincoln, and a description of the burial of Booth's body in a cell of one of the buildings at the Washington Arsenal. We are also informed that the captain had "settled down after eight years of sea adventure."

While not questioning the sincerity of the worthy old experienced mariner, I believe his statements differ from history and facts. His references to Laura Keane, "the dangling ropes" in the theater, the death of the President, are contradicted by reliable history, and the description of the burial of Booth's body in a cell at the arsenal is an absolute invention, which first appeared in Baker's "United States Secret Service," page 568. I speak thus positively of the matter, as I was the only commissioned officer present when the body was first secreted. It was, subsequently, transferred to the vault before President Johnson, in 1865, resigned it to Edwin Booth, with the proviso that no public ceremony attend its burial, and that no mound, monument, or memorial mark be placed at its resting place. Upon Thursday, April 27, 1865, in the afternoon, the body of Booth was brought from the Washington Navy Yard to the little summer house upon the Potomac fronted by the arsenal grounds, and at midnight was secreted by the military storekeeper and four enlisted men, who were considered trustworthy, and myself, the medical officer of the military post. We were ordered to keep our actions secret, and until the necessity for silence passed the order was obeyed.

In 1865 I was an assistant surgeon, United States army, on duty at the arsenal, and at the time of stress and suspicion, when confidence was almost destroyed, and it was deemed unsafe to have orders copied by clerks and transmitted through official channels. I received by special messenger an autographed letter from the Surgeon General, G. H. Crane, acting personally as director of Secretary Stanton, ordering me to report to Gen. Hartshorn, and to assume medical charge of the prisoners arrested for acts of treason or conspiracy with the conspiracy, and was the only person allowed to communicate with all the prisoners without witnesses. Many of the prisoners were of noble birth, and I mention my presence, my early death. More frequently even than "Deacon" White, I have been "killed," and, with him, I repeat the statement of Mark Twain that "such reports are generally greatly exaggerated."

## PARTY LINES BREAKING.

Demoralization on Both Sides Over the Tariff.

From the New York World.  
Republicans in Washington are exhibiting much anxiety lest the Democratic party go to pieces on the tariff question. Democratic desertions to protection excite their cynical derision. But they ignore the fact that as